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FREDDY CARTER

ELLEN LYMAN

MARK STONE

Kamen

EC ENTERTAINING COMICS

People Searching for Peace of Mind through...

PSYCHOANALYSIS

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NO. 2 JUNE

LN 10

THIS MAN IS A PSYCHIATRIST! INTO HIS QUIET, SUBDUED, TASTEFULLY DECORATED CONSULTATION ROOM COME THE *EMOTIONALLY DISTURBED*...THE *MENTALLY TROUBLED*...SEEKING *RELIEF* AND *SELF-UNDERSTANDING*. WITH HIS HELP, THESE PEOPLE ARE ABLE TO *PROBE* INTO THEIR OWN *SUBCONSCIOUS MINDS* AND FIND THE *ROOTS* AND *CAUSES* OF THEIR PROBLEMS. WITH HIS SKILLFUL GUIDANCE, THESE PEOPLE ARE ABLE TO *UNCOVER FORGOTTEN INCIDENTS*...*SUPPRESSED FEELINGS*...*BURIED RESENTMENTS AND HOSTILITIES*, WHICH, ONCE BROUGHT TO *LIGHT*, ARE *RE-EXAMINED*, *RE-EVALUATED*, AND *RESOLVED* IN A MUCH *HEALTHIER* AND *SATISFYING* WAY THAN HAD BEEN DONE IN THEIR DISTANT, DARK PAST. ONCE THE DOOR TO THE PAST IS *OPENED*, AND THE *LIGHT OF UNDERSTANDING* IS *PLUNGED* INTO THE *SUBCONSCIOUS GLOOM*, *HEALTH*, *HAPPINESS*, AND *PEACE OF MIND* ARE THE RESULTS. AND THIS *PROBING*, THIS *OPENING OF DOORS*, THIS *CASTING OF LIGHT*, THIS *UNEARTHING* AND *RE-EXAMINING* AND *RE-EVALUATING* IS *ACCOMPLISHED* BY THE *SCIENTIFIC METHOD* KNOWN AS...

PSYCHOANALYSIS

IN EACH ISSUE OF "*PSYCHOANALYSIS*," WE WILL EXAMINE THE *CASE HISTORY FILES* OF *THREE PEOPLE* WHO *COME* TO THE PSYCHIATRIST FOR *HELP*. RIGHT NOW, THE DOCTOR IS PULLING THE FOLDER OF THE *FIRST* PATIENT. *READY?* THEN LET'S SIT IN ON THE *SECOND SESSION* OF...

CASE NO. 101 MALE
SESSION 2

SUBJECT'S NAME:

FREDDY CARTER

THE SUBJECT, FRED CARTER (15 YEARS OLD), HAD BEEN BROUGHT TO THE PSYCHIATRIST BY HIS SHOCKED PARENTS. FRED HAD STOLEN A WATCH. THE PSYCHIATRIST SOON DISCOVERED THAT THE BOY WAS CAUGHT IN A GRIM TUG-OF-WAR BETWEEN HIS TWO PARENTS. THEY QUARRELED OVER REARING HIM. FRED'S FATHER, A HARD-DRIVING, DOMINEERING TYPE, WANTED HIS SON TO BE A TOP STUDENT AND TOP ATHLETE. FRED'S MOTHER, A SENTIMENTAL, HIGH-STRUNG TYPE, ENCOURAGED HER SON IN THE ARTS. THE RESULTS: A THOROUGHLY BAD PERSONALITY-REACTION TO LIFE EXPERIENCES AND SITUATIONS. THE BOY WAS MADE TO SEE THAT THE WATCH HE'D STOLEN FROM HIS FRIEND WAS A SYMBOL OF THE AFFECTION HE NEEDED AND WANTED. FRED'S FRIEND WAS LOVED FOR HIMSELF ALONE... NOT FOR WHAT HE COULD ACCOMPLISH! THIS WAS WHAT FRED HAD SUBCONSCIOUSLY TRIED TO STEAL. HIS SECOND SESSION STARTED WITH...

IS THAT WHY YOU WORE THE WATCH? BECAUSE YOU WANTED SOMEONE TO SEE IT? BECAUSE YOU WANTED TO BE FOUND OUT?
I DIDN'T SAY THAT! I ONLY SAY... WELL... WHAT'S THE SENSE OF STEALING SOMETHING IF YOU'RE NOT GOING TO USE IT!?
USE IT HOW, FREDDY!? AND WHERE!? IN THE VERY HOUSE YOU STOLE IT FROM? BY RETURNING TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME AND FLAUNTING YOUR LOOT? YOU COULDN'T EXPECT TO USE IT LONG THAT WAY, COULD YOU? YOU COULD ONLY EXPECT TO BE CAUGHT!
I--I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GETTING AT, DOCTOR!
YES YOU DO, FREDDY! ADMIT IT TO YOURSELF! YOU WANTED TO BE CAUGHT! YOU WANTED TO BE FOUND OUT! IF YOU HADN'T, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE ACTED SO STUPIDLY! WHY, FREDDY? WHY DID YOU WANT TO BE CAUGHT?
I DON'T KNOW!
YOU DIDN'T REALLY WANT BILLY'S WATCH! WE KNOW THAT NOW! YOU HAD THREE OF YOUR OWN. YOU STOLE THE WATCH BECAUSE YOU ENVIED BILLY... HIS HAPPINESS WITH HIS PARENTS! YOU DESIRED THE KIND OF LOVE HE ENJOYED! THE WATCH WAS A SYMBOL OF THAT LOVE. BUT IF THAT WERE ALL YOU'D WANTED, YOU'D'VE HIDDEN THE WATCH AWAY AND BEEN SATISFIED! RIGHT?
I... I GUESS SO!
OBVIOUSLY, YOU WEREN'T CONTENT TO HIDE AWAY THESE THINGS YOU STOLE! HIDING THEM GAVE YOU NO SATISFACTION! THERE WAS MORE YOU WANTED, WASN'T THERE?
THAT'S RIGHT! I WANTED TO MAKE A FOOL OF BILLY! I GOT A THRILL OUT OF IT! IT WAS EXCITING TO THINK THAT I WAS WEARING IT RIGHT UNDER HIS NOSE...
"TWICE I WORE THE WATCH TO HIS HOUSE! TWICE HE DIDN'T NOTICE IT. AND HIS MOTHER AND FATHER WERE BLIND TOO! THEN, THAT THIRD TIME I PUT IT ON AND WENT OVER..."
F-FREDDY! THAT WATCH YOU'RE WEARING! IT'S THE ONE I LOST!
HUH!?
WHAT'S THAT!? WHAT'S THAT I HEAR, BILLY?
FREDDY'S WEARING MY WATCH, DAD! THE ONE I LOST!
GOOD HEAVENS, FREDDY! WHERE ON EARTH DID YOU FIND IT?
I DIDN'T FIND IT, MR. JANSEN! I TOOK IT!

FREDDY! YOU...YOU TOOK IT!? YOU... STOLE IT? YOU STOLE BILLY'S WATCH... DELIBERATELY!?

THAT'S RIGHT! I LIKED IT... SO I STOLE IT!

BUT...BUT WHY, FREDDY?! WHY?!

SO NOW I KNOW WHY, DOCTOR! YOU TOLD ME WHY! STEALING BILLY'S WATCH WAS LIKE STEALING BILLY'S HAPPINESS...THE HAPPINESS I ENVIED!

THAT'S RIGHT, FRED. BUT NOW WE SEE THERE'S MORE TO IT THAN THAT! A THIEF TRIES TO AVOID DETECTION! IF DETECTED, HE USUALLY DENIES HIS GUILT! YOU DELIBERATELY INVITED DETECTION! YOU READILY... EAGERLY... ADMITTED YOUR GUILT!

THINK BACK, FRED! DIDN'T YOU FIND, AFTER YOU STOLE THE WATCH, THAT IT WASN'T SATISFYING? DIDN'T YOU WANT TO DO SOMETHING SATISFYING WITH IT? LIKE BEING CAUGHT WITH IT? LETTING EVERYBODY KNOW YOU TOOK IT?

YOU...YOU MEAN I WANTED TO PUNISH MYSELF FOR STEALING IT?

MAYBE NOT YOURSELF! MAYBE SOMEONE ELSE! WHO ELSE WOULD SUFFER BY YOUR BEING FOUND OUT, FREDDY?

WHY... M-MOM... AND DAD! MY... FOLKS...

THAT'S RIGHT! NOW DO YOU SEE WHY YOU DELIBERATELY HAD YOURSELF CAUGHT? THE DISGRACE OF YOUR ACT! THE GOSSIP THAT WOULD FOLLOW THE ADMISSION! THE SCANDAL WAS BOUND TO HURT YOUR FOLKS! YOUR CRIME WOULD REFLECT ON YOUR UPBRINGING! THEY WOULD BE RESPONSIBLE! YOUR PARENTS!

AND YOU'D BE GETTING BACK AT THEM FOR MAKING YOU UNHAPPY! YOU'D BE GETTING BACK AT THEM FOR MAKING YOU STEAL SYMBOLS OF HAPPINESS...UNSATISFYING SYMBOLS! YOU'D BE PUNISHING THEM!

YOU KNOW, DOCTOR, I... I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT! I REMEMBER...

"I REMEMBER HOW MR. JANSEN COULDN'T GET OVER MY BEING SO CALM. THERE HE WAS, BRINGING ME TO MY DAD, TO TELL DAD EVERYTHING, AND I WASN'T EVEN THE LEAST BIT UPSET..."

I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU, FREDDY! AREN'T YOU AFRAID OF WHAT YOUR FATHER WILL SAY?

I DON'T CARE WHAT HE SAYS! HE YELLS AT ME FOR EVERYTHING! IT MAY AS WELL BE FOR THIS TOO!

"WHEN THEY FOUND OUT, MOTHER ALMOST COLLAPSED. DAD WENT WILD. I NEVER SAW HIM SO ANGRY..."

A SON OF *MINE!* A PETTY *THIEF!* *NO!* I CAN'T *BELIEVE* IT! SAY IT ISN'T TRUE, FREDDY! TELL ME IT'S A *LIE!* TELL ME...OR I'LL *BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR BODY!*

IT'S THE *TRUTH,* DAD! WHAT MR. JANSEN SAYS IS *TRUE!* I STOLE BILLY'S WATCH!

"DAD STARTED BEATING ME. HE LET ME HAVE IT IN THE FACE...THE BACK...THE STOMACH...EVERYWHERE HE COULD HIT ME..."

TAKE THAT...AND THAT! I'LL GIVE YOU THE LICKING OF YOUR LIFE BEFORE I'LL LET YOU BECOME A *CRIMINAL!*

GOOD HEAVENS, CARTER! *THAT'S* NOT THE WAY! *LET HIM ALONE!*

STOP HIM! STOP HIM! HE'LL HURT MY BABY!

"IT TOOK ALL OF MR. JANSEN'S STRENGTH TO PULL DAD FROM ME. BUT DAD KEPT SCREAMING AT ME..."

TAKE HIM AWAY! HE...HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S *DOING! PLEASE,* MR. JANSEN! *PLEASE!*

SURE! MAKE *ME* THE VILLAIN! *PROTECT* HIM! *COMFORT* HIM! *ENCOURAGE* HIM! WELL, NOT *ME!* HE'S *NO GOOD,* I TELL YOU!

"THEN MR. JANSEN COULDN'T HOLD DAD ANY MORE. I GOT REAL SCARED. I BEGAN TO WHEEZE. I COULDN'T STOP! THIS SCARED MOM...

LOOK WHAT YOU'VE *DONE!* YOU'VE STARTED ANOTHER OF HIS *ASTHMA ATTACKS!* HE'S *WHEEZING! MR. JANSEN! HELP ME!*

IT'S A *SHAM!* HE'S ONLY *PRETENDING!* THE BOY IS *FAKING!*

"THE MORE DAD YELLED, THE MORE I GASPED! I JUST COULDN'T CATCH MY BREATH. I STARTED TO CHOKE. THEN EVERYBODY GOT SCARED...

ALL RIGHT! I'LL *LET* THE SNIVELING BABY ALONE! WHAT ARE *YOU* GOING TO DO ABOUT THIS, JANSEN? WILL YOU *PRESS CHARGES?*

OF COURSE NOT! ANYONE CAN *SEE* THE BOY'S NOT A *THIEF!* BUT HE *IS* A *PROBLEM!* I'D ADVISE YOU TO TAKE *CARE* OF HIM, CARTER!

WHAT IN BLAZES DO YOU THINK I HAVE BEEN DOING FOR THE PAST FIFTEEN YEARS!?

I MEAN YOU'D BETTER HAVE SOMEBODY *COMPETENT* TAKE CARE OF HIM. WHY DON'T YOU TAKE HIM TO A *PSYCHIATRIST!?*

SO THAT'S HOW I... GASP!... HOW THEY CAME TO BRING ME... CHOKE!... TO SEE YOU! GASP! GASP!

TAKE IT EASY, FREDDY! YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!

I-I'M NOT ALL RIGHT! I... GASP! GASP!... I CAN HARDLY BREATHE! I NEED... GASP!... I NEED MY MEDICINE! GASP!... PLEASE DON'T S-STAND THERE! HELP ME! GASP! GASP!

I WILL HELP YOU, SON! BUT IT WON'T BE HELP IN A BOTTLE... OR HELP IN A PILL! NOR WILL I HELP YOU BY PUTTING MY ARMS AROUND YOU AND TELLING YOU SWEET THINGS!

I... CHOKE!... I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. L-LET ME... GASP!... LET ME OUT OF HERE! I WANT TO... GASP!... GO HOME... CHOKE...

YOU'VE PLENTY OF TIME TO GO HOME, FRED! YOU ARE IN NO DANGER OF SUFFOCATING! YOU ARE IN DANGER OF BEING PAMPERED TO DEATH, THOUGH!

NO! L-LET ME GO! YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO KEEP ME HERE! YOU'RE NOT MY FATHER! GASP!...

NO, FRED! NOR YOUR MOTHER, EITHER! BUT I'M GOING TO HELP YOU WHERE THEY CANNOT!

I'M NOT GOING TO YELL AT YOU LIKE YOUR FATHER... OR PAMPER YOU LIKE YOUR MOTHER! I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU SEE WHAT YOU'RE DOING TO YOURSELF!

I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING! LET ME GO! LET ME GO! HELP!

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE ASTHMA ATTACK, FREDDY? YOU'RE NOT WHEEZING! IT'S STOPPED! AND WITHOUT MEDICINE!

I DON'T CARE! I WANT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

SURE YOU DO! YOU WANT TO RUN HOME TO MOTHER... AS YOU DID WHEN YOU WERE A BABY! YOU WANT TO UPSET HER... APPEAL TO HER SYMPATHIES!

NO! LET ME GO!

AND YOU WANT TO ANGER YOUR FATHER... MAKE HIM SORE AT YOUR MOTHER BECAUSE SHE FALLS FOR YOUR TANTRUMS! YOU WANT TO SET THEM AGAINST EACH OTHER! YOU WANT THEM TO QUARREL OVER YOU!

NO! NO! YOU'RE HURTING ME!

I'M NOT HURTING YOU, FRED. IF YOU'RE IN PAIN, IT'S BECAUSE YOU WANT TO BE! PEOPLE IN PAIN CAN FEEL SORRY FOR THEMSELVES... AND DEMAND SYMPATHY! ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU WANT, FRED? SYMPATHY!

I WANT TO GET OUT OF HERE... THAT'S WHAT I WANT!

BE HONEST, FRED! THINK BACK! WHEN DO YOU GET THESE ASTHMA ATTACKS? ISN'T IT WHEN YOU'RE IN TROUBLE...CONFUSED... UPSET...MISERABLE! ISN'T IT WHEN YOU WANT SYMPATHY?
NO! NO! I...I... HUH?
ISN'T IT TRUE THAT WHEN YOU NEED AN ATTACK, YOU HAVE ONE? ISN'T IT TRUE THAT THROUGH AN ATTACK, YOU DIVERT ATTENTION FROM YOUR REAL PROBLEMS TO IMAGINARY ONES. AT ONE STROKE...WITH ONE ASTHMA ATTACK...YOU GET EVERYBODY WORRIED ABOUT YOU!
GEE! THAT... THAT'S RIGHT! LIKE...
"LIKE WHENEVER I'D GET A BAD REPORT CARD...OR FLOP AT ANYTHING... AND DAD WOULD GET SORE! I COULDN'T ARGUE WITH HIM... OR ESCAPE FROM HIM... SO I'D START WHEEZING..."
CAN'T YOU SEE IT'S A RUSE, YOU FOOL! EVERY TIME I TAKE HIM TO TASK, HE HAS AN ATTACK! IT'S HIS WAY OF ESCAPING CRITICISM!
NATURALLY, ONLY YOU WOULD THINK OF THAT! YOU HAVE A HEART OF STONE WHEN IT COMES TO YOUR BOY!
"AND EVERY TIME I'D GET SICK... OR HAVE A WHEEZING SPELL... THEY'D ARGUE ABOUT IT! PRETTY SOON DAD WOULD FORGET THAT HE WAS ANGRY WITH ME... AND HE'D GET SORE AT MOM..."
CAN'T YOU SEE THE BOY IS MAKING A MONKEY OUT OF YOU? HE'S NO MORE SICK THAN I AM! ALL HE WANTS IS TO BE BABIED!
WHAT IF HE DOES? HE'S ONLY A CHILD! HE'S GOT TO RECEIVE AFFECTION FROM ONE OF US! ALL HE GETS FROM YOU IS ABUSE!
"WHENEVER I'D GET SICK, THINGS WOULD GET SO PEACEFUL AROUND THE HOUSE. MOM WOULD SPEND ALL DAY NEAR MY BED...TALKING TO ME...GIVING ME FOOD OR MEDICINE..."
YOU'RE GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT HONEY! HERE! TAKE SOME OF THIS! COME ON!
"EVEN DAD WOULD BREAK DOWN AFTER A WHILE. IF I WERE IN BED FOR A WHILE, HE'D GET WORRIED. I'D HEAR HIM TALKING TO MOM WHEN THEY'D THINK I WAS ASLEEP."
MAYBE THE BOY IS SICKLY! MY MOTHER'S SISTER'S BOY... MY COUSIN...WAS A SICKLY KID! MAYBE I AM BEING TOO HARSH WITH HIM!
YOU ARE, JOHN! FRED IS A SENSITIVE CHILD. YOU MUST BE MORE PATIENT WITH HIM... MORE INDULGENT...MORE UNDERSTANDING!
"IT'D FEEL GOOD, NOT WORRYING WHETHER I WAS DOING THE THINGS MOM OR DAD WANTED ME TO... NOT HAVING TO MAKE GOOD GRADES... OR PLAY FOOTBALL... OR PLAY CHOPIN WITHOUT A MISTAKE. THEY'D JUST WORRY ABOUT ME WHEN I WAS SICK..."
COMFORTABLE, DARLING?
UH-HUH!
I'VE GOT A SPECIALIST COMING TODAY, FRED! WE'LL CLEAR UP THAT ASTHMA YET!

SO I GUESS YOU'RE *RIGHT*, DOCTOR. *THAT'S* WHEN I'M THE *HAPPIEST!* WHEN THEY'RE *WORRIED* OVER ME! THEN I'M SURE THEY *LOVE* ME!

BUT *HOW* DO THEY LOVE YOU, FREDDY?! AS A *FIFTEEN YEAR OLD BOY*...OR AS A *TWO YEAR OLD INFANT!?*

HOW COULD THEY LOVE ME AS AN INFANT? I *AM* FIFTEEN YEARS OLD!

THAT'S *RIGHT!* AND A FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD HAS *RESPONSIBILITIES*... *DUTIES!* A FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD IS EXPECTED TO BEGIN MAKING AN *ACCOUNT* OF HIMSELF!

HE HAS TO BEGIN TO PREPARE FOR A *CAREER*...TO DEVELOP *CHARACTER*... *KNOWLEDGE* OF THINGS. HE HAS *CONTRIBUTIONS* TO MAKE...TO HIS *PARENTS*...HIS *SOCIETY*. HE HAS *OBLIGATIONS* HE MUST BEGIN TO MEET...OBLIGATIONS TO *HIMSELF*...TO *OTHERS*. HE MUST LEARN TO *GIVE!* THAT'S *GROWING UP!* THAT'S *MATURING!*

BUT *YOU!* YOU DON'T *WANT* TO DO THAT! YOU DON'T *WANT* TO *GIVE!* YOU WANT TO *TAKE*...AS A *BABY* TAKES BECAUSE IT IS *LITTLE* AND *HELPLESS* AND *TOO MINDLESS* TO DO OTHERWISE. YOU WANT TO *BE* A BABY, FREDDY! YOU'RE *AFRAID* TO GROW UP!

A BABY DOESN'T HAVE TO DO ANYTHING BUT LIE IN HIS CRIB... WHIMPER...SMILE... AND *LAP UP LOVE!* A BABY DOESN'T HAVE TO STUDY OR EXCEL IN SPORTS OR BE A GOOD CITIZEN OR A GOOD SON IN ORDER TO WIN FAVOR. IN FACT, THE BIGGER THE *PROBLEM* THE BABY IS... THE MORE *ATTENTION* AND *SYMPATHY* HE GETS! THAT'S *YOU*, FREDDY!

THAT'S WHY YOU *HAVE* THOSE ASTHMA ATTACKS, FREDDY... BECAUSE OF YOUR IMMATURE BABYISH DESIRES TO *RETREAT* FROM THE PROBLEMS AND RESPONSIBILITIES OF GROWING UP...MEETING LIFE'S DEMANDS! YOU WANT TO BE LOVED FOR NO OTHER REASON THAN THAT YOU *EXIST!*

AND THE *WATCH?* GETTING *CAUGHT* WITH IT? I DID IT TO MAKE MY FOLKS *WORRY*... AND *FUSS* OVER ME?

EXACTLY! YOU *EXPOSED* YOUR CRIME BECAUSE YOU WANTED TO HEAP *MISERY* AND *HEARTACHE* ON YOUR PARENTS. YOU WANTED TO BECOME A *PROBLEM* TO THEM...A CENTER OF *ATTENTION*... A *SYMPATHETIC OBJECT*...LIKE THE *INFANT!* IT'S THE *SAME* REASON... THE *SAME* MOTIVE FOR YOUR GETTING YOUR *WHEEZING SPELLS!* YOU'RE NOT WHEEZING *NOW*, ARE YOU?

N-NO! *THAT'S* FUNNY! I DON'T EVEN *FEEL* LIKE WHEEZING!

YOU *WON'T*...JUST AS YOU WON'T FEEL LIKE *STEALING* AGAIN. YOU KNOW NOW THAT YOU'VE GOT TO WIN LOVE BY *EARNING* IT...AS A YOUNG MAN *SHOULD*...NOT BY BEING A *PROBLEM!* YOU'RE *THROUGH* BEING A BABY, A NUISANCE, A HYPOCHONDRIAC. YOUR TIME IS UP, FREDDY. TILL NEXT TIME, GO HOME, AND *BE FIFTEEN AGAIN!*

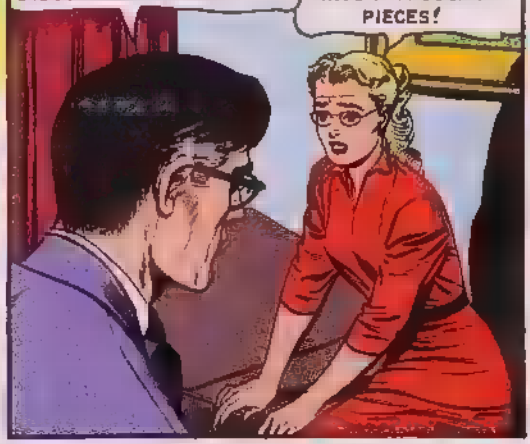
NOT *FIFTEEN*, SIR! FROM NOW ON... *I'M GOING ON SIXTEEN!*

CASE NO. 102 FEMALE

SUBJECT'S NAME: SESSION 2

ELLEN LYMAN

THE SUBJECT, ELLEN LYMAN (19 YEARS OLD) HAD COME TO THE PSYCHIATRIST SUFFERING FROM ACUTE MIGRANE HEADACHES. THROUGH ANALYSIS, SHE LEARNED THAT THESE HEADACHES WERE A FORM OF SELF-PUNISHMENT FOR THE SUBCONSCIOUS GUILT SHE FELT FOR HATING HER SISTER RUTH. ELLEN HAD BELIEVED THAT RUTH, OLDER AND PRETTIER THAN SHE, BARRED HER WAY TO FINDING HAPPINESS. FURTHER DELVING MADE ELLEN REALIZE THAT RUTH WAS NOT REALLY THE OBSTACLE...THAT THE CAUSES FOR HER FEELINGS OF INFERIORITY WENT BEYOND THE SIMPLE PRESENCE OF HER OLDER SISTER IN HER LIFE. WHEN ELLEN SHOWED UP FOR HER SECOND SESSION, SHE WAS VISIBLY UPSET...



I ... I REMEMBER THAT IT WAS RAINING VERY HARD ... JUST LIKE IT TODAY. MY MOTHER HAD MET RUTH AND ME AT SCHOOL, AND SHE'D TAKEN US TO DADDY'S STORE...

"I LOVED DADDY'S STORE WITH THE RICH AROMATIC SMELL OF GOOD LEATHER AND THE BEAUTIFUL SUITCASES AND TRUNKS LED HIGH. I LOVED TO GO THERE AND SEE WHERE DADDY WORKED, BUT THAT DAY, USUAL, HE WASN'T PLEASED TO SEE ME...TO SEE ANY OF US..."

MARTHA, WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE YOU DOING *HERE*? YOU *KNOW* IT'S LARRY'S DAY OFF! I DON'T HAVE *TIME* FOR A FAMILY REUNION!

STOP IT, DAVE! I HAVE TO TAKE RUTHIE TO THE DENTIST. I'LL BE GONE ABOUT AN HOUR AND YOU KNOW HOW *REST-LESS* ELLEN GETS!

I THOUGHT I'D LEAVE ELLEN *HERE*... UNTIL RUTHIE WAS THROUGH...

GREAT SCOTT, MARTHA! DON'T I HAVE *ENOUGH* ON MY MIND WITHOUT TURNING THE STORE INTO A *NURSERY*!?

WELL, WHAT AM *I* SUPPOSED TO DO, DAVE? WE DON'T HAVE A *MAID*! WE CAN'T *AFFORD* IT! AND RUTHIE *MUST* GO TO THE DENTIST!

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! JUST DON'T MAKE AN *ALL DAY AFFAIR* OF IT! I'LL EXPECT YOU BACK IN AN HOUR TO TAKE HER OFF MY HANDS!

I'LL BE BACK WHEN I'M *FINISHED*! COME ALONG, RUTHIE! DON'T ANNOY YOUR FATHER, ELLEN!

ELLEN! SIT DOWN OVER THERE AND KEEP OUT FROM UNDER FOOT! I'M BUSY...

"ALTHOUGH I LOOKED UP TO MY FATHER AS SOME INFALLIBLE GOD, HE NEVER SHOWED ME MUCH WARMTH. I WAS ALWAYS AWKWARD AND CLUMSY IN HIS PRESENCE. SO I KEPT OUT OF HIS WAY THAT DAY, SITTING QUIETLY A CORNER UNTIL MY NATURAL RESTLESSNESS FORCED ME TO GROW CURIOUS ABOUT THE STORE. WHILE DAD WAS BUSY WITH A CUSTOMER, I WANDERED INTO HIS BACK OFFICE..."

"DADDY HAD AN IRON PAPERWEIGHT ... A SQUATTING DOG ... ON HIS DESK. IT HAD ALWAYS FASCINATED ME. I REACHED OUT TO LIFT IT AND..."

GASP...

"I...I CAN'T DESCRIBE THE FEELING OF TERROR... THE ABSOLUTE PANIC I FELT AS I STOOD THERE...HELPLESS WATCHING THE INK I'D SPILLED POOL OUT OVER DADDY'S DESK..."

ELLEN? ELLEN, WHERE ARE...

ELLEN, WHAT ARE YOU...? MY DESK! WHAT DID YOU DO!? THE INK!

I DIDN'T MEAN IT, DADDY! I DIDN'T MEAN IT!

"HIS ANGER WAS TERRIBLE. HE WAS A FRIGHTENING, TERRIFYING FIGURE TO ME. I REMEMBER HIM LIKE THAT...SOMEONE TO FEAR...SOMEONE WHO WAS ALWAYS YELLING AT ME...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU! I TOLD YOU TO SIT QUIETLY! NOW SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE! YOU'RE HOPELESS... ABSOLUTELY HOPELESS!

I CAN STILL HEAR HIM! HOPELESS... ABSOLUTELY HOPELESS. AND TODAY... IN THE OFFICE...WHEN I KNOCKED OVER THE WATER-COOLER... MY BOSS SAID THE SAME THING! "YOU'RE CLUMSY! AWKWARD! HOPELESS!"

I SEE! AND SO YOU DON'T WANT TO GO ON WITH YOUR ANALYSIS BECAUSE YOU BELIEVE THAT, EH?

TELL ME, ELLEN! DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE THAT ABOUT YOURSELF... OR IS IT AN EXCUSE TO AVOID FURTHER THERAPY... A RUSE OF YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS MIND TO KEEP YOU FROM PROBING DEEPER... FROM FINDING THE TRUTH?

I DON'T UNDERSTAND! I'M NOT TRYING TO AVOID ANYTHING! I'M FACING THE FACTS, THAT'S ALL!

ARE YOU, ELLEN? IT WAS UNPLEASANT TO ADMIT YOU HATED YOUR SISTER RUTH, WASN'T IT? IN THAT DREAM YOU TOLD ME ABOUT YOUR LAST SESSION, WE DISCOVERED THAT YOU SUBCONSCIOUSLY WISHED HER DEAD!

NOW THAT YOU MAY BE ON THE BRINK OF MORE UNPLEASANT REVELATIONS, YOU ARE SUBCONSCIOUSLY TRYING TO AVOID THEM. YOU'RE AFRAID OF THE REAL TRUTH, AREN'T YOU, ELLEN!

NO! NO!

I...I'M NOT A COWARD, DOCTOR! I...I'LL GO ON! ALL RIGHT! WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO TALK ABOUT?

TELL ME MORE ABOUT YOUR PARENTS, ELLEN. WHAT ELSE MAKES YOU FEEL THAT YOUR FATHER HATED YOU?

THEY *BOTH* HATED ME! MY FATHER... *AND* MY MOTHER! I REMEMBER, SOME TIME AFTER THE INK-SPILLING INCIDENT...

"...ON A HOT SUMMER NIGHT, RUTH WAS AWAY. THEY'D SENT HER TO CAMP. THEY HADN'T SENT ME. THEY'D FELT I WAS TOO YOUNG. I WOKE UP FROM A DISTURBED SLEEP FEELING ALONE AND FRIGHTENED. I CALLED OUT..."

MOMMY! DADDY! I WANT A DRINK OF WATER!

"MY PARENTS WERE DOWNSTAIRS IN THE LIVING ROOM. THEY COULDN'T HEAR ME BECAUSE THEY WERE TALKING VERY LOUD. THEY WERE ARGUING. THEY WERE ALWAYS ARGUING. I CREPT OUT OF BED TO LISTEN..."

BILLS! BILLS! THIS MADNESS HAS GOT TO *STOP*, MARTHA! IT'S BEEN GOING ON EVER SINCE ELLEN WAS *BORN!*

WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT *ME* TO DO? IT COSTS *MONEY* TO RUN A HOUSE AND BRING UP CHILDREN!

"I CREPT DOWN THE STAIRS, SHIVERING. I LISTENED AS THEIR VOICES ROSE ■ GENUINE ANGER. EACH WORD WAS LIKE A WHIPLASH...CUTTING... STINGING..."

WHY CAN'T YOU *ECONOMIZE?* WHY CAN'T YOU *MANAGE* BETTER? I DO MY *BEST*... BUT IT'S NEVER *GOOD* ENOUGH! *SPEND MONEY!* THAT'S ALL YOU KNOW HOW TO *DO!*

OBVIOUSLY YOUR BEST *ISN'T* GOOD ENOUGH! WE HAVE *TWO GROWING CHILDREN!* THEY NEED *CLOTHES*... *FOOD*... A NICE *HOME* TO LIVE IN! ELLEN IS ALMOST *SIX* NOW, AND...

THE *CHILDREN!* THE *CHILDREN!* THAT'S *ALL* I HEAR! BELIEVE ME, IF IT *WEREN'T* FOR THE CHILDREN...

DON'T THREATEN *ME*, DAVE! A FINE FATHER *YOU* ARE! WHY ELLEN HARDLY *KNOWS* YOU...

THEY...THEY'RE ARGUING ABOUT *ME!* IT'S...IT'S *MY* FAULT THEY AREN'T HAPPY!

"SUDDENLY I FELT SICK...UNWANTED ...UNLOVED. AND I DECIDED THEN AND THERE THAT..."

I'LL... I'LL *RUN AWAY!* THEY DON'T WANT *ME! RUTHIE'S* THE ONE THEY LOVE! I'LL RUN AWAY AND THEN THEY'LL BE *HAPPY!*

"I TURNED TO GO, BUT..."

WHAT'S THAT?! ELLEN?! ■ THAT *YOU?!*

ELLEN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT OF *BED?!*

FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD, MARTHA! LOOK WHAT SHE'S *DONE!*

"I WAS WEEPING BITTERLY AS MOTHER LED ME UPSTAIRS AND BACK INTO BED. I WANTED TO TELL THEM HOW I FELT. BUT HOW COULD I, WHEN RACKING SOBS AND TEARS CHOKED OFF MY WORDS?..."

SOB... SOB...

OH, ELLEN...ELLEN! WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITH YOU?

I GUESS IT WAS *THEN* THAT I FIRST REALIZED THAT THEY *DIDN'T* LOVE ME... THAT *NO ONE* REALLY LOVED ME, DOCTOR!

I SEE! DID YOUR MOTHER AND FATHER QUARREL *OFTEN*, ELLEN!

YES! EVER SINCE I COULD REMEMBER! DAD NEVER SEEMED TO MAKE ENOUGH *MONEY!* THEY WERE *ALWAYS* QUARRELING ABOUT *MONEY!* I REMEMBER FEELING THAT IF IT WEREN'T FOR *ME* THEY'D BE *BETTER OFF!*

THE *ONLY* TIME I FELT *LOVED* WAS WHEN THE *ACCIDENT* HAPPENED!

THE ACCIDENT?! WHAT *KIND* OF ACCIDENT?

THE TIME I ALMOST DROWNED! WE'D DRIVEN UP TO A *LAKE* FOR A DAY'S OUTING. I WAS...

DRIVEN?!

YES! IN OUR CAR! ANYWAY, I REMEMBER I'D GONE OUT ON A *RICKETY PIER* THAT WAS THERE! I REMEMBER STARING DOWN INTO THE WATER AND THINKING THAT IT LOOKED SO *COOL*...SO *INVITING*...

"I COULD HEAR RUTHIE'S LAUGHTER... AND MOM'S ...AND DAD'S DRIFTING OUT TO ME. I FELT SO ALONE. I WANTED TO CRY. AND THEN, SUDDENLY... I LOST MY BALANCE..."

"I CAN STILL REMEMBER FALLING...HITTING THE WATER...

"I WOKE UP IN A HOSPITAL. DADDY HAD PULLED ME OUT IN TIME. DURING MY DAYS OF CONVALESCENCE, I WAS HAPPY. MOTHER AND DADDY WERE CONSTANTLY AT MY SIDE. I FELT WANTED AND LOVED FOR THE FIRST TIME..."

FOR *YOU*, PUSS!

OH, DADDY! *DADDY!* THE *DOLL* I WANTED!

IT DIDN'T *LAST* LONG THOUGH! MY HAPPINESS SOON FADED AND VANISHED. MOTHER AND DADDY BEGAN *QUARRELING* AGAIN! ONCE MORE I FELT ALONE AND UNLOVED. THAT IS... UNTIL... THE *SECOND ACCIDENT!*

THERE WAS *ANOTHER* ONE, ELLEN? TELL ME ABOUT IT!

"IT WAS AT A PARTY MY SISTER GAVE FOR HER FRIENDS... A FEW YEARS LATER. THEY WERE ALL HAVING A GRAND TIME PLAYING, BUT I WASN'T ASKED TO JOIN IN. I WENT UP TO MY ROOM, AND PASSED MOTHER'S DOOR. SHE WAS INSIDE, CHATTING WITH MRS. CHADWICK, A NEIGHBOR..."

I *ENVY* YOU, MARTHA! YOU HAVE SUCH LOVELY CHILDREN!

THANK YOU, GRACE. RUTH *IS* A VIVACIOUS CHILD... BUT *ELLEN*... WELL, SOMETIMES I WONDER HOW SHE AND RUTH CAN BE *SISTERS*. THEY'RE SO... SO DIFFERENT!

"I MANAGED TO CHOKE BACK A SOB AND FLED BLINDLY TO MY ROOM, WHERE I HID... LISTENING TO THE LAUGHTER AND THE DELIGHTED SHRIEKS FROM THE PARTY BELOW. I LONGED SO MUCH TO BE PART OF IT, BUT I FELT I WASN'T WANTED... THAT NO ONE CARED FOR ME..."

SOB... SOB...

ELLEN? ELLEN ARE YOU UP THERE? *COME DOWN!* WE'RE SERVING *ICE CREAM!*

"AS I STARTED DOWN THE STAIRS, I SLIPPED. I FELL AWKWARDLY... THE WHOLE FLIGHT. I REMEMBER THE SCREAMS..."

ELLEN!

GOOD LORD!

EEEEEEE!!

"I BROKE MY ARM IN THAT FALL DOWN THOSE STAIRS. THEY RUSHED ME TO A DOCTOR AND IT WAS PUT INTO A CAST. ONCE AGAIN, MOM AND DAD SEEMED WARMER... CLOSER... MORE LOVING... TO EACH OTHER... AND TO ME..."

YOU POOR KID!

DOES IT *BOTHER* YOU MUCH, DEAR?

IT'S ALL RIGHT, MOMMY!

TELL ME, ELLEN! DO YOU *OFTEN* HAVE ACCIDENTS? DO YOU *OFTEN* FALL... OR GET *HURT*... OR *BREAK* THINGS... LIKE THIS MORNING AT THE OFFICE?

EVERY... EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE, DOCTOR!

WHEN DO THESE ACCIDENTS USUALLY HAPPEN?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, DOCTOR. WHEN? THERE ARE NO SPECIAL TIMES!
ISN'T IT TRUE THAT THEY OCCUR MOST FREQUENTLY WHEN YOU'VE HAD AN EMOTIONAL UPSET?
I DON'T KNOW...
BUT YOU DO KNOW ELLEN! YOU KNOW IT'S TRUE... THAT THESE SO CALLED ACCIDENTS ARE NOT ACCIDENTS AT ALL! YOU CAUSE THEM! DELIBERATELY!
NO! NO!
YES, ELLEN! THE LITTLE GIRL WHO FELL FROM THE BOAT WANTED TO ATTRACT ATTENTION! SHE FELT UNLOVED! SHE WANTED TO BE ASSURED...EVEN AT THE RISK OF HER LIFE!
NO! THAT'S NOT TRUE!
THE FALL DOWN STAIRS WAS DELIBERATE TOO! SO WAS KNOCKING OVER THE TELEPHONE TABLE... SPILLING THE INK...EVEN KNOCKING OVER THE WATER-COOLER! YOU WANTED LOVE AND ATTENTION... AND YOU DIDN'T CARE HOW YOU GOT THEM!
STOP IT! STOP IT!
I WILL STOP IT, ELLEN! I'LL STOP YOU FROM PUNISHING YOURSELF! BY MAKING YOU SEE THE TRUTH... THE TRUTH ABOUT YOUR TRUE FEELINGS TOWARD YOUR PARENTS. YOU HAVEN'T TOLD ME EVERYTHING!
I HAVE! I HAVE!
I LOVED THEM! EVEN THOUGH THEY REALLY DIDN'T WANT ME—OR LOVE ME...EVEN THOUGH I WAS THE CAUSE OF ALL OF THEIR QUARRELS, I LOVED THEM!
DID YOU, ELLEN? WASN'T THERE ANY TIME THAT YOU CAN REMEMBER WHEN YOU DIDN'T LOVE THEM? WHEN YOU HATED THEM AND ADMITTED IT?
NO! NO! I... I...WAIT! I DO REMEMBER SAYING THAT TO MYSELF AS A CHILD. IT HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH RUTHIE! I HATED THEM FOR LOVING RUTHIE MORE THAN ME...
"RUTHIE HAD LONG BEAUTIFUL HAIR. MOTHER USED TO COMB AND BRUSH AND BRAID IT. I WOULD WATCH HER WITH ACHING HEART... YEARNING FOR HER TO DO THAT TO ME. BUT MY HAIR WAS TOO FINE... TOO SOFT..."

"I WAS JEALOUS OF RUTHIE! I'VE ALWAYS BEEN JEALOUS OF RUTHIE. THINGS WERE WONDERFUL WHEN SHE WAS YOUNG. SHE'D HAD EVERYTHING. AFTER I'D COME, EVERYTHING'D CHANGED. I WASN'T AS LUCKY AS SHE..."

OH, RUTHIE, YOU'RE GOING TO LOOK LIKE A LITTLE DOLL! I WISH *YOUR* HAIR WAS LIKE RUTHIE'S, ELLEN! ISN'T IT *BEAUTIFUL?*

NO! IT'S *UGLY!* I *HATE* HER HAIR!

ELLEN! YOU'RE A *VERY NAUGHTY GIRL!* THAT WAS A *NASTY* THING TO *SAY!* WHEN YOUR FATHER COMES HOME, I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOU ARE *PUNISHED!*

I DON'T *CARE!* *I DON'T CARE!*

"I SAID IT THEN! I RAN FROM THE ROOM... SOBBING... CRYING OUT..."

I DON'T CARE! YOU LOVE *RUTHIE*...NOT *ME!* WELL, *I DON'T LOVE YOU!* I DON'T LOVE *DADDY!* I *DETEST YOU BOTH!*

AND SHORTLY *AFTER* THAT, YOU HAD YOUR "*ACCIDENT*"...WHEN YOU FELL OFF THE *PIER! RIGHT?*

W-WHY, *YES!* BUT... I DON'T SEE...

YOU FELT *GUILTY* FOR FEELING THE WAY YOU DID ABOUT YOUR PARENTS! YOU WANTED TO *PUNISH* YOURSELF FOR THIS AWFUL THING! YOU WANTED *FORGIVENESS!* THE PIER "ACCIDENT" ACCOMPLISHED *ALL* OF THESE THINGS AT THE *SAME TIME!*

OH, DOCTOR! HOW CAN I BE SO *HORRID* TO HAVE SUCH *FEELINGS!?* I *STILL* RESENT THEM...AND RUTHIE, TOO! I STILL RESENT THEM FOR NOT *LOVING* ME.

NOW YOU, TOO, WILL THINK I'M *HOPELESS*... THAT I'M A *FAILURE* AS A PERSON! BY *HATING* MY PARENTS, I'VE *FAILED THEM!*

DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK THAT PERHAPS YOUR *PARENTS* MAY HAVE FAILED *YOU?*

H-HOW!? HOW DID *THEY* FAIL *ME?* THEY WANTED A SWEET BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER LIKE *RUTHIE!* INSTEAD THEY HAD *ME!* AFTER *I* CAME, THERE WAS *UNHAPPINESS*... *QUARRELING*...*ECONOMIC PRESSURES!*

WERE THERE ECONOMIC PRESSURES, ELLEN? IS THAT WHAT THE QUARRELING WAS REALLY ABOUT? THINK BACK! YOU TOLD ME ABOUT YOUR FATHER'S LUGGAGE SHOP! IT TAKES MONEY TO RUN A BUSINESS! YOU LIVED ■ A PRIVATE HOUSE! THAT'S NOT BEING BAD OFF! YOU SAID YOU HAD A CAR! PEOPLE UNDER ECONOMIC STRAIN CAN'T AFFORD CARS! THEY CAN'T AFFORD TO SEND THEIR OLDER DAUGHTER TO CAMP!
AND LISTEN TO ME, ELLEN! EVEN IF THERE WAS A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF ECONOMIC PRESSURE ON YOUR PARENTS, THAT WAS NO REASON TO QUARREL ALL THE TIME! A HUSBAND AND WIFE TRULY IN LOVE AND TRULY DEVOTED TO ONE ANOTHER CAN ADJUST TO ALMOST ANY CRISIS WITH A MINIMUM OF DISCOMFORT!
ARE YOU SAYING THAT MY PARENTS DIDN'T LOVE EACH OTHER?
WEREN'T YOU SUBCONSCIOUSLY AWARE OF THAT, ELLEN? DIDN'T YOU ADMIT THAT WHEN YOU WERE HURT...WHEN YOU HAD THOSE "ACCIDENTS"... THEY SEEMED TEMPORARILY DRAWN TOGETHER AGAIN?
NOT ALL MARRIAGES ARE THE BLISSFUL VOYAGES THEY START OUT TO BE. SOMETIMES, UNFORTUNATELY, LOVE IS LOST ALONG THE WAY. RUTHIE HAD EMOTIONAL SECURITY DURING HER CHILDHOOD. YOUR PARENTS WERE ABLE TO GIVE IT TO HER, BECAUSE THEY THEMSELVES WERE EMOTIONALLY SECURE!
IT'S HARD FOR A CHILD TO ADMIT TO HERSELF THAT HER PARENTS ARE NO LONGER IN LOVE. SHE BLAMES HERSELF...OTHERS... ANYTHING RATHER THAN PLACE THE BLAME WHERE IT BELONGS! YOU SAY IT WAS ECONOMIC PROBLEMS! ISN'T THAT A BLIND ... A COVER-UP?
REALIZE, ELLEN, THAT YOUR PARENTS WERE NO OLYMPIAN GODS! THEY WERE HUMAN BEINGS... WITH FAILURES AND FRAILTIES OF HUMAN BEINGS. ONCE YOU HAVE REALIZED THAT THEIR OWN PROBLEMS WERE NOT YOUR PROBLEMS... NOT CAUSED BY YOU...YOU WILL STOP FEELING GUILTY ABOUT THEM... STOP BLAMING YOURSELF...
...AND MAYBE YOU'LL EVEN STOP KNOCKING OVER WATER-COOLERS!
OH, DOCTOR! I FEEL AS IF A GREAT WEIGHT HAS SUDDENLY BEEN LIFTED FROM MY SHOULDERS!
THE BURDEN OF GUILT THAT YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE HAD TO CARRY FOR ALL THESE YEARS, ELLEN! YOUR TIME ■ UP, NOW. TILL NEXT SESSION...
I'LL BE HERE WITH BELLS ON...INSTEAD OF BURDENS, DOCTOR...

YOUR DOODLES GIVE YOU AWAY

Probably the most common habit and the most prevalent is the unconscious response which almost all of us make when we are confronted with a pencil and a blank pad of paper. Who has not doodled while speaking on the telephone, listening to a lecture in a classroom or whiling away some time in nearly any conceivable locale? The answer to this is obvious. We all have, and all of us will continue doing so.

From the sidewalk scribblings of chalk wielding toddlers to the most sophisticated pencil idlings of high powered executives at conferences, doodling is a pastime, a relief from nervous energies which can find no other outlet at the moment. Archiologists who have discovered the crude pictures on the walls of caves which date back to the antiquity of man believe that these are the doodles of the pre-historic cave dwellers who inhabited these stone homes when the world was young. The modern counterpart of cave writings can be seen in any telephone booth.

Such compulsive writings are not merely meaningless pencil scratches. A trained psychologist or psychiatrist can glean much important data about the personality of the doodler from close examinations of his apparently incoherent markings. It is an accepted fact that we do nothing that does not have motivation in our sub-conscious. By following this reasoning it can be logically seen that your doodlings give you away.

It is no accident that Adolph Hitler's scratch pads, preserved after certain important meetings with his advisers, exposed the true, murderous nature of the man. One such pad contained numerous, carefully drawn gallows, with a victim dangling neatly from every noose.

The most usual doodle is a concentric series of whirls, not unlike thumb prints. Such marks indicate that a state of confusion exists within the mind of the maker. It is an admission, subconsciously made, of an inability to reach a decision concerning the problem involved. By the same token, many people draw perfectly aligned squares or cubes, in moments of stress. The psychiatric definition describes this as a manifest desire to put things "on the square" or to make things come right, fall into place as perfectly as the geometric figure depicted.

One famous author, recently in the headlines, makes doodles which represent funnel-shaped spirals, rising from a narrow base to a wide mouth. Anyone who has ever seen a cyclone approaching, knows that this type of figure is the form which an oncoming wind storm takes . . . a twisting, moving, funnel-like cloud. The cyclonic nature of the doodler is made apparent. This is a man capable of wild excesses and moments of raging destruction—not unlike the natural phenomenon he is drawing.

Another familiar doodle is to represent airplanes in flight, whether crudely or well drawn. This is an unconscious desire for escape from a present situation, as are drawings of any vehicle—whether a two wheeled ox-cart or a smart sports car. Sometimes, our sub-conscious clearly reveals our longings through doodles. A schoolboy who wants a football may draw one over and over again, for example.

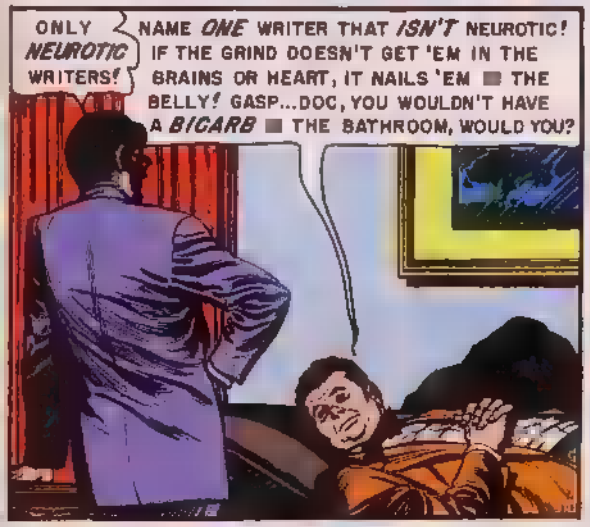
However, there is one fact certain, as long as there are pencils, blank sheets of papers, telephone booth walls, or any surface capable of being written on, human beings will continue to pour out their hidden emotions and feelings into what we jokingly call "doodles." Look about you—and note that nearly one hundred per cent of your acquaintances are practitioners of this most ancient of art forms, including yourself.

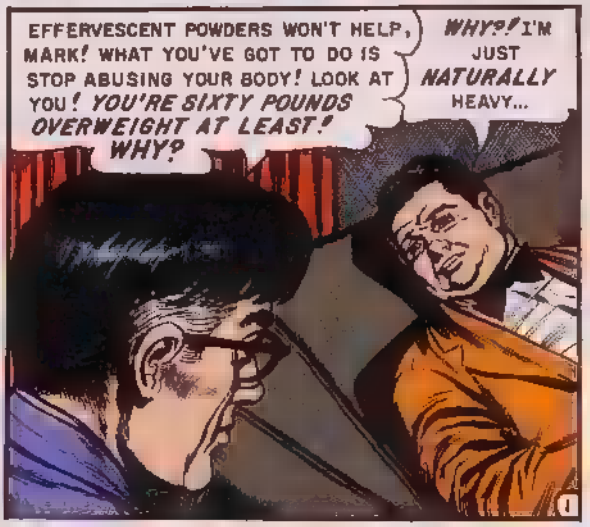
SUBJECT'S NAME

CASE NO. 103 MALE
SESSION 2

MARK STONE

THE SUBJECT, MARK STONE, A T.V. WRITER, CAME TO THE PSYCHIATRIST SUFFERING FROM ACUTE HEART ATTACKS... ATTACKS THAT CAME WITHOUT WARNING AND SEEMED LIKE DEATH TO HIM. THROUGH ANALYSIS, THE SUBJECT LEARNED THAT THESE ATTACKS WERE PURELY PSYCHOSOMATIC, ARISING FROM A BITTER CONFLICT WITHIN HIM... BETWEEN MAKING A COMMERCIAL SUCCESS OF WRITING (THEREBY PLEASING HIS FATHER)... AND WRITING WHAT HE WANTED TO WRITE: ARTISTIC, NON-MONEY-MAKING ENDEAVORS (WHICH HE SUBCONSCIOUSLY FELT HE WAS NOT GOOD ENOUGH TO DO). THE SUBJECT WAS TORN IN TWO DIRECTIONS: TO BE AN ARTISTIC SUCCESS, AND TO SATISFY HIS FATHER'S DESIRES THAT HE "BE SOMEBODY". THIS CONFLICT HAD CAUSED MARK STONE'S ANXIETY ATTACKS. NOW, HE WAS BACK AGAIN... IN THE PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE... FOR HIS SECOND SESSION.





ALWAYS WAS! EVERY NEIGHBORHOOD HAS ITS FAT KID. I WAS IT. I'VE BEEN STOUT EVER SINCE. BUT WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH STOMACH PAINS? IT'S AN ULCER, I TELL YOU!
YOU HAVE NO ULCER, MARK, UNLESS IT'S SHOWN UP SINCE YOUR LAST PHYSICAL!
FRANKLY, IT'S JUST A SIMPLE CASE OF OVER-EATING! YOU'RE ABUSING THAT STOMACH OF YOURS BY CONSTANTLY JAMMING IT WITH MORE FOOD THAN IT WAS BUILT TO HANDLE! WHY?
I LIKE IT! I LIKE TO EAT! EATING ■ ONE OF MY GREATEST PLEASURES!
■ YOUR CASE, I'D CALL IT MORE OF A PASSION THAN A PLEASURE. I'M SPEAKING CANDIDLY, MARK. TEN POUNDS OVERWEIGHT IS CARELESSNESS. SIXTY POUNDS? THAT'S DELIBERATE SELF-PUNISHMENT! WHY ARE YOU TRYING TO HURT YOURSELF?
I'M NOT! I TOLD YOU! I ENJOY FOOD!
YOU PSYCHIATRISTS ARE ALWAYS LOOKING FOR COMPLEX REASONS FOR EVERYTHING! WHY CAN'T YOU TAKE MY WORD FOR IT! I SIMPLY LIKE TO EAT!
DO YOU, NOW? HAVE YOU EVER TAKEN A GOOD LOOK AT YOURSELF, MARK? STAND UP!
LOOK, DOC. I ADMIT I'M NO THING OF BEAUTY, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN! I NEVER PRETENDED TO LOOK LIKE FARLEY GRANGER!
FORGET FARLEY GRANGER! YOU DON'T EVEN LOOK LIKE YOURSELF! YOUR FIGURE COULD BE SLIM...POWERFUL! INSTEAD IT'S BLOATED AND SOFT! YOUR FACE COULD BE HANDSOME! INSTEAD, IT'S DISTORTED... JOWLY... SAGGING! HAVE YOU NO VANITY?
I...I NEVER GAVE MUCH THOUGHT TO MY APPEARANCE!
NONSENSE! EVERYONE DOES!... UNLESS ONE DOESN'T WANT TO THINK ABOUT IT...UNLESS ONE HAS A DEFINITE DESIRE TO INJURE ONESELF!
WHY...WHY SHOULD ■ WANT TO INJURE MYSELF? WHAT'S MY REASON?
THAT'S WHAT WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT, MARK! MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE...
THIS OUGHT TO BE INTERESTING! MAYBE I'LL FIND OUT I TAKE THIRD HELPINGS OF TAPIOCA PUDDING BECAUSE I HATED MY GRANDMOTHER...

MAYBE YOU WILL! TELL ME, MARK... WHAT ARE YOUR EARLIEST MEMORIES CONCERNING FOOD? DID YOU ALWAYS EAT HEAVILY?
I...I HAD TO! IT WAS MY MOTHER! SHE USED TO INSIST! I WAS AN ONLY CHILD, REMEMBER! EATING WAS A FETISH WITH HER! SHE WANTED ME TO BE HEALTHY...
"...SHE USED TO STAND OVER ME LIKE A COP. HEAVEN FORBID IF I LEFT ONE SCRAP OF FOOD ON MY PLATE..."
BUT I'M FULL, MA! I CAN'T EAT ANY MORE!
FINISH UP, MARK! HOW CAN YOU EXPECT TO GROW BIG AND STRONG IF YOU EAT LIKE A BIRD!? EAT, MARK! BE GOOD! EAT, DARLING!
"SHE MADE ME EAT! IF MY MOTHER'S THEORY WAS SOUND...THAT A BIG EATER GROWS INTO A GOOD, STRONG, HEALTHY BOY...I SHOULD HAVE GROWN UP TO BE THE FATTEST ANGEL IN TOWN..."
MA! I CAN'T EAT THAT MUCH!
FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, EMMA! HE'S A BOY... NOT A HORSE!
DON'T I KNOW HE'S A BOY? A GROWING BOY? I KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR HIM! EAT, MARK! EAT!
"SO I ATE. IN FACT, THE OUTSTANDING THING I REMEMBER ABOUT MY ADOLESCENCE WAS EATING. WHEN I'D COME HOME AT NIGHT, FROM A PARTY OR A DATE, THERE IT'D BE... WAITING FOR ME..."
BUT, MA! I'M NOT HUNGRY! I HAD SOMETHING AT THE PARTY! I COULDN'T...
THAT GARBAGE! DO YOU WANT TO GET SICK? YOU'VE GOT TO EAT GOOD SUBSTANTIAL FOOD! EAT, DARLING! MAKE ME HAPPY! EAT...
SO 'MARK DARLING' ATE AND ATE AND THE RESULT IS WHAT YOU SEE. THE MORAL? BEWARE OF PAMPERING MOTHERS, EH, DOC?
BUT, IF YOU WEREN'T HUNGRY, MARK, WHY DID YOU EAT?
I TOLD YOU! MY MOTHER MADE ME! IT GAVE HER SUCH HAPPINESS, HOW COULD I REFUSE?! MA HAD SO FEW PLEASURES IN LIFE! BELIEVE IT OR NOT, DOC, I DID IT TO MAKE HER HAPPY!
BUT YOUR MOTHER IS DEAD, MARK! YOU DON'T HAVE TO MAKE HER HAPPY NOW! YET YOU STILL GORGE YOURSELF! WHY?
I DON'T KNOW! I TOLD YOU! I LIKE IT! I GOT USED TO IT! I ENJOY IT!
SOME PEOPLE CHAIN SMOKE...OR DRINK A LOT! I EAT! IT ACTS LIKE A DRUG! WHEN I'M EATING, I FORGET...
FORGET WHAT, MARK?

FORGET...*THINGS!* HOW SHOULD *I* KNOW WHAT I FORGET? AFTER I EAT, I FEEL *MORE AT EASE!* MY *MIND* FEELS BETTER. I JUST *CALM DOWN... MENTALLY!*

THEN YOU EAT WHEN YOU'RE *DISTURBED! NERVOUS!? ON EDGE!?*

I GUESS SO! I'LL GIVE YOU AN EXAMPLE! FOR TWO MONTHS, I WORKED LIKE A DOG ON A T.V. IDEA. EVERYTHING LOOKED SET. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A BIG DEAL...

"THEN THE MONEY-MAN BACKED OUT. TWO MONTHS OF WORK AND HOPE AND SWEAT WENT DOWN THE DRAIN. THE STAR, THE DIRECTOR AND MYSELF WENT OUT TO CELEBRATE THE FIASCO..."

HEY! WE CAME DOWN HERE TO *CHEER OURSELVES UP!* ONE DROWNS ONE'S SORROW IN *DRINK*... NOT A *SEVEN-COURSE MEAL!*

LOOK... YOU CHEER YOURSELF UP *YOUR* WAY... AND I'LL CHEER MYSELF UP *MY WAY!*

COME TO THINK OF IT, YOU'VE *BEEN* EATING LIKE A REGIMENT EVER SINCE THIS PROJECT *BEGAN! ESPECIALLY* WHEN THINGS GOT *ROUGH!* I *NOTICED* THAT! WHAT'S *FOOD* FOR YOU, STONE? A FORM OF *ESCAPE?*

EVERYBODY'S A PSYCHIATRIST! LOOK... I *RELAX* WHEN I EAT! *DO* ME SOMETHING...

"I... I GUESS IT *MUST* BE A FORM OF ESCAPE. I KNOW THAT WHEN I GET DEADLINE JITTERS, I DON'T REACH FOR A CIGARETTE. I MAKE A TRIPLE-DECKER! THE MOMENT I CLAMP MY TEETH INTO THE BREAD, I *FEEL* BETTER! I *RELAX!* THE *THOUGHTS* START COMING AGAIN..."

SO THERE IT IS! EATING IS STONE'S SEDATIVE... STONE'S SHOT OF RYE... STONE'S PEACE OF MIND! *I* DON'T UNDERSTAND IT ANY MORE THAN *YOU* DO!

PERHAPS I *DO* UNDERSTAND IT, MARK! YOU SAY YOU EAT WHEN YOU'RE DISTURBED... WHEN YOU WANT TO CALM DOWN... RELAX... REASSURE YOURSELF. NOW *WHY* SHOULD HEAVY EATING *GIVE* YOU THIS REASSURANCE?

I'LL *TELL* YOU WHY! BECAUSE, BY THE VERY ACT OF *EATING*, YOU RETURN TO THE *PAST*... TO YOUR *MOTHER*... WHO *PAMPERED* AND *FUSSED* OVER YOU! EVERY TIME YOU'RE UPSET... NERVOUS... DISAPPOINTED, YOU YEARN FOR THE *SECURITY* AND *ASSURANCE* OF YOUR *OVER-PROTECTIVE LOVING MOTHER!* YOU CAN'T RECAPTURE *HER*, SO YOU SUBSTITUTE THE *FOOD*... AS A *SYMBOL*... FOR THE *DEVOTION* SHE LAVISHED UPON YOU. BY *EATING*, YOU'RE BEING *SOOTHED* AGAIN... *BABIED*...

BUT THAT DOESN'T ANSWER IT ALL! TELL ME MORE ABOUT YOUR MOTHER, MARK...
YOU... YOU GOT ONE THING WRONG, DOCTOR. I... I DIDN'T QUITE LOVE MY MOTHER AS MUCH AS YOU SEEM TO THINK! ACTUALLY... I... I WAS ASHAMED OF HER!
LIKE MY FATHER, SHE WAS AN IMMIGRANT. SHE NEVER ENTIRELY PICKED UP OUR LANGUAGE. SHE ALWAYS SPOKE WITH AN ACCENT!
SO DOES EVERY FOREIGN-BORN CITIZEN! ITALIAN... GERMAN... IRISH...
I KNOW! BUT MA SPOKE WITH A FOREIGN ACCENT! IT WASN'T SO BAD WITHIN THE FOUR WALLS OF OUR HOUSE. BUT OUTSIDE, IT MADE ME SQUIRM TO BE IDENTIFIED WITH MY OWN MOTHER. I WAS MORTIFIED BECAUSE SHE WASN'T AMERICAN. HER DRESS... HER SPEECH... HER WAY OF THINKING IT EMBARRASSED ME!
"I REMEMBER THE HORROR I'D FELT DURING OPEN SCHOOL WEEK WHEN MOM WOULD COME INTO CLASS. I DREADED THOSE DAYS. I CRINGED AT HER BROKEN ENGLISH... HER FRANKNESS... HER SENTIMENTALITY... HER NAIVE IGNORANCE..."
SUCH A DIAMOND LIKE MY MARK YOU WON'T FIND IN A MILLION YEARS! YOU ARE LUCKY TO HAVING HIM IN YOUR CLASS, MISTER OTIS! SUCH A GOOD SON HE IS! AND THE STORE, HOW HE HELPS HIS PAPA...
L-LET'S GO, MA! LOTS OF OTHER PEOPLE WANT TO TALK TO MR. OTIS...
"I REMEMBER A VACATION TRIP THAT LEFT ME LIMP. MA ALWAYS SPOKE AT THE TOP OF HER VOICE, NOT THINKING HOW SHE LOOKED AND SOUNDED TO OTHERS..."
PLEASE! ASK THE CONDUCTOR-MAN! IS THIS THE RIGHT TRAIN? MAYBE WE GOT ON THE WRONG TRAIN, HEAVEN FORBID? I'M SO WORRIED... SO AGGRAVATED! VACATION TRIPS WE NEEDED!? A HOLE IN THE HEAD I NEEDED!
MA! PLEASE! QUIET! IT'S THE RIGHT TRAIN! SIT DOWN! THE CONDUCTOR IS GIVING US DIRTY LOOKS!
"BUT MA WAS OBLIVIOUS TO EVERYBODY. IT KILLED ME HOW SHE CHATTED ON... LOUDLY. I WANTED TO CRAWL INTO A HOLE..."
OH, NO! WE FORGOT THE JAR WITH THE POTATO SALAD! ON THE TABLE. WE LEFT IT! IT'LL TURN WHILE WE'RE GONE! SUCH A WASTE! SIX EGGS I PUT IN IT!
MA! PLEASE! LOWER YOUR VOICE! EVERYBODY'S WATCHING US!
I WAS MISERABLE DURING THAT WHOLE TRIP! MA BROADCAST! SHE WAVED A FLAG! WHEREVER SHE WENT...
AND YOU WERE ASHAMED!? ASHAMED OF HER SIMPLICITY!? ASHAMED OF HER ACCENT!? ASHAMED OF HER OBVIOUS... FOREIGN ORIGIN!

YES! IT HURTS TO ADMIT IT, BUT IT'S TRUE! ALL MY LIFE I'VE BEEN ASHAMED OF MY PARENTS BECAUSE THEY WERE IMMIGRANTS! I'M ASHAMED OF MYSELF... MY NATIONALITY! I KNOW IT'S STUPID TO FEEL THAT WAY...
OF COURSE IT'S STUPID! IT'S NOT ANY MORE SHAMEFUL TO BE A MEMBER OF YOUR NATIONALITY THAN ANY OTHER!
THAT'S EASY FOR YOU TO SAY! YOU'RE NOT ME! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TOUGH IT IS LIVING IN A WORLD THAT SEEMS HOSTILE TO ME!
BUT I DO, MARK! I KNOW THAT IN MANY WAYS HUMANITY STILL LIVES IN THE DARK AGES... THAT HUMAN BEINGS ARE STILL STUPID AND UNREASONING! BUT THAT'S JUST THE POINT...
YOU KNOW IT, TOO! YOU KNOW THAT YOUR PARENTS WERE NOT TO BLAME FOR WHAT THEY WERE! THAT THEY WERE HELPLESS VICTIMS OF STUPID, UNREASONING PREJUDICE! BUT INSTEAD OF SYMPATHIZING WITH THEM, YOU WERE ASHAMED OF THEM!
INSTEAD OF LOVING THEM, AND HELPING THEM, YOU SECRETLY HATED THEM... AS IF YOU YOURSELF WERE HOSTILE TO THEM! CAN YOU SEE NOW WHY YOU OVEREAT?
YOU...YOU TOLD ME! TO RECAPTURE THE SECURITY I HAD AS A CHILD! THE FOOD IS A SYMBOL OF THE LOVE MY MOTHER LAVISHED ON ME!
YES... BUT THAT'S NOT ALL, IT SEEMS. I SEE NOW THAT YOU ALSO EAT OUT OF GUILT... GUILT FEELINGS TOWARD YOUR MOTHER! YOU EAT TO ATONE!
TO ATONE?! TO ATONE FOR WHAT!?
TO ATONE FOR YOUR DISLOYALTY TO YOUR MOTHER... FOR LOOKING DOWN UPON THIS PERSON WHO LOVED YOU... WHO DESERVED YOUR SUPPORT AND UNDERSTANDING... NOT YOUR SCORN!
THAT EXPLAINS WHY YOU OVER-EAT EVEN WHEN YOU'RE NOT TENSE OR UNHAPPY OR IN NEED OF CODDLING! BEING SENSITIVE TO HOSTILITY YOURSELF, YOU NOW REALIZE HOW HARSH YOU WERE WITH YOUR MOTHER. SUBCONSCIOUSLY YOU FEEL GUILTY. SO YOU ATONE FOR THAT GUILT BY DOING THE ONE THING THAT MADE HER HAPPY... BY EATING. YOU'VE BEEN TRYING TO EAT YOUR WAY BACK INTO YOUR DEAD MOTHER'S GOOD GRACES... AND THE RESULTS... 60 POUNDS OF FAT!

NOW THAT YOU KNOW *WHY* YOU ARE OVER-EATING, MARK ... AS YOUR SENSE OF *GUILT* AND NEED FOR *EMOTIONAL SECURITY* DISAPPEAR ... SO WILL YOUR *EXCESS WEIGHT*...

BUT I NEVER *HATED* HER, REALLY! SHE WAS *GOOD* TO ME...*KIND!* SHE MADE UP FOR ALL OF MY *FATHER'S* HARSHNESS. *HE* WAS A CRUEL MAN...ESPECIALLY WITH *HER!*

I *TOLD* YOU HOW HE'D BROW-BEAT HER...TAKE HER TO TASK FOR THE SLIGHTEST THING. SHE WAS THE GOAT FOR ALL OF HIS TROUBLES AND DISAPPOINT-MENTS. IF I HATED *ANYBODY*... IT WAS MY *TYRANNICAL FATHER*...

IT'S *NATURAL* FOR A SON TO FEEL HOSTILITY TOWARD HIS FATHER, MARK!

EVERY MALE CHILD IS UNCON-SCIOUSLY JEALOUS OF HIS FATHER AND YEARNS TO SUPPLANT HIM IN THE STRUGGLE FOR HIS MOTHER'S LOVE. THAT'S WHY ALMOST EVERY SON *HATES* HIS FATHER AT ONE TIME OR OTHER. HE KNOWS HE MUST *SHARE* HIS MOTHER'S LOVE WITH *ANOTHER MAN*...

DOC, SOME-TIMES I HATED MY FATHER SO *BAD*, I'D DREAM OF... OF...

INCIDENTALLY, DOCTOR. *WHAT ABOUT DREAMS!?* THERE'S *ONE* DREAM I *KEEP HAVING!* WELL, ACTUALLY IT'S A *SERIES* OF DREAMS...THAT *HAUNT* ME! FOR *YEARS* I'VE HAD THEM! *NIGHTMARES!* THEY KEEP *REMINDING ME*...OF THAT...THAT *AWFUL ACCIDENT!*

ACCIDENT, MARK? *WHAT* ACCIDENT?

I...I HAVEN'T DARED TO *TELL* THIS TO ANYONE! I'VE BEEN... *AFRAID* ...OF BEING PICKED UP BY THE *POLICE!* I...I THINK I *KILLED* SOMEBODY!

"ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO I WAS ON A HUNTING TRIP. I WAS ALONE IN THE WOODS. IT WAS DAWN...FOGGY. SUD-DENLY I SAW SOMETHING MOVE...IN THE BRUSH..."

A BUCK! A GIANT! *WHAT LUCK!*

"I RAISED MY GUN AND FIRED...TWICE. THEN... OH, LORD...THEN I HEARD A *SCREAM* ... A *HUMAN SCREAM!* I STOOD THERE, PARALYZED. I STARED AT THE BRUSH IN HORROR..."

YAAAEEEEEE!

CHOKE...IT'S...IT'S *NOT* A BUCK! I'VE... I'VE *SHOT SOMEONE!*

"I WAS HALF-CRAZED WITH FEAR. I DASHED INTO THE BRUSH TO LOOK FOR THE BODY. I SEARCHED HERE... AND THERE. I COULDN'T FIND IT..."

I...I MAY HAVE *WOUNDED* HIM...AND HE D-DRAGGED HIMSELF AWAY! WHAT AM I GOING TO *DO*? I'LL BE *FOUND OUT!*

"TERRORIZED BY WHAT HAD HAPPENED, I RAN THROUGH THE WOODS. MY HEART WAS POUNDING LIKE A TRIP-HAMMER. I THOUGHT IT WAS GOING TO BURST..."

GASP... THINGS LIKE THIS *ALWAYS* COME OUT! A BODY CAN LIE UNDISCOVERED FOR *WEEKS* TILL SOMEBODY STUMBLES ACROSS IT! THEY'LL *TRACE* THE BULLETS TO *MY RIFLE!* I'LL...GASP... I'LL BE *CAUGHT!*

"FOR MONTHS I SCOURED NEWSPAPERS...LOOKING FOR THE HEADLINES THAT SPELLED MY DOOM. I WALKED AROUND, FRANTIC WITH WORRY. I COULDN'T SLEEP. AND THEN I BEGAN TO HAVE THOSE DREAMS... THOSE NIGHT-MARES. THE MAN I KILLED WAS ALL AROUND ME... IN SO MANY SHAPES... A POLICEMAN... A JUDGE... A SCHOOL TEACHER... AN ARMY OFFICER..."

YOU *KILLED* ME!

THEY'LL FIND MY *BODY!*

YOU'LL *PAY!*

YOU'LL PAY!

"I TRIED PILLS TO HELP ME SLEEP. THEY ONLY INTENSIFIED MY DREAMS. THE DISTORTED FIGURES KEPT CHASING ME...REACHING OUT FOR ME...ITCHING TO TEAR ME APART..."

NO! *NO!* LET ME *GO!* *DON'T!* *YEEEAAAHHHH!*

I'D WAKE UP SHRIEKING... FIGHTING OFF THINGS THAT WEREN'T THERE...TREM-BLING... MY SKIN DRENCHED WITH SWEAT... SHIVERING. THIS HAPPENED NIGHT AFTER NIGHT... FOR YEARS!

ARE YOU *SURE,* MARK? ARE YOU SURE YOU ACTUALLY *DID* SHOOT SOMEONE?

OFFHAND, I WOULD VENTURE TO SAY THAT *NOBODY* WAS IN THE BRUSH THAT DAY! IT WAS JUST A *SHADOW.* YOU *IMAGINED* THE MOVEMENT... *IMAGINED* THE SCREAM! YOU *IMAGINED* YOU KILLED SOMEONE THAT DAY... BECAUSE YOU SUBCONSCIOUSLY *WISHED YOU COULD...*

WHO? WHO WOULD I *WANT* TO KILL?

YOUR FATHER! THE DISTORTED SHAPES IN YOUR SUBSEQUENT NIGHTMARES GIVE US THE *CLUE*...POLICEMEN... JUDGES...TEACHERS... SOLDIERS. THEY ARE ALL SYMBOLS OF *RESTRAINT*...SYMBOLS OF *AUTHORITY.* THE *FATHER IMAGE!*

BUT WHY WOULD I WANT TO KILL MY OWN *FATHER?!*

THE PSYCHIATRIST WILL MEET *FREDDY CARTER, ELLEN LYMAN,* AND *MARK STONE* IN THE THIRD ISSUE OF *"PSYCHOANALYSIS"* WHEN THE CURTAIN WILL AGAIN BE LIFTED ON THE HIDDEN SECRETS OF THEIR SUBCONSCIOUS MINDS. WILL *YOU* BE THERE?